

Purge by Harmonia Bloom

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Summary: S02/ep06. Far from parents, from Hawkins. They close the bedroom door at Murray's house. With alcohol in the blood, the only certainty of Nancy and Jonathan was the need for a purge of that sickly sobriety. Translation of "Sober".

Purge

disclaimer: I don't speak English as a native, so I'm sorry if you guys find some grammar mistakes. hope you enjoy it! :3

- Harmonia B.

sober

Jonathan was there. A little drunk, just like Nancy, but there. Same traumas, same feeling that the year of 1983 had taken an irrecoverable piece of their souls.

Nancy kissed him, feeling a funny taste, the alcohol deadening her tongue.

Was there another option? He understood her, knew her guts, even if the words between them weren't a lot. Both had faced the Upside Down, had fought that beast, and now were together to shut down that ridiculous American government plan and whoever.

Jonathan guided her to bed, not knowing exactly what he should do.

It wasn't a pretty story, a fairytale. It's true that Jonathan followed Nancy's life – in a bizarre way, through taking unwanted Nancy's photographs -, but there wasn't passion since ever. There, in that moment, it was a need, a hungry, a desperate scream that said "I have no idea what's going on". And he actually had no idea, because Jonathan collected only two experiences in badly resolved in his life – a kiss here, another there, nothing outrageous, nothing that would make him feel less nervous with Nancy Wheeler.

Nancy was calm, relaxed. She could feel her body loose by the vodka's effects that Murray had served earlier, and guided Jonathan as easily as she guided Steve... But, somehow, it was different. Everything was different. With Steve, there was affection, there was – who know? – love. With Jonathan, that feeling was translated into urgency. Nancy needed that, like some kind of purge after a year of angst and trauma, result of Barb's death, of the Demogorgon chase, of

seeing Mike's pain, his friends' pain, specially Will Byers, all of them growing up with an open wound.

She sighed while Jonathan kissed her, at a frenetic pace. Seconds later, their clothes were on the floor. That looked like the perfect moment to try to heal their wounds, after so many days depending on band-aids. Nancy made Jonathan put his hands over her naked torso, and guided him, slowly, her head spinning, to what they needed right in that moment.

A purge. A fucking purge, that ended in heavy breathing, Jonathan's head laying down on Nancy's shoulder. Suddenly, his tears start to drop, making the girl's body wet, what made her cry too.

What have happened? Barb could be alive now. Nancy's brother, Mike, could be happy, living the best time of his life without a heavy emotional baggage that followed him while he was getting old. She could still be in love with Steve... Their future as a happy couple right ahead of them. Jonathan kept crying, probably thinking about his brother, the zombie-boy, which head, completely fucked, didn't let any Byers in peace.

Bit by bit, both felt the tears cease, and Nancy crawled into Jonathan's arms. Only him understood, even though that sounded stupid, considering that they were a little drunk yet.

"What the fuck...?", she thought, in a lapse of sobriety. What have happened?! "Jonathan", Nancy whispered, sleepy. "What are we going to do tomorrow when we're sober?"